

HEADQUARTERS PORT OF EMBARKATION
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA
OFFICE OF THE SUPERVISOR OF NON-MILITARY ACTIVITIES
ROOM 16, SCHMELZ BUILDING

October 9, 1918.

Dear Margaret:

Tomorrow is our wedding anniversary. And I shall not see you unless you should appear as a joyful surprise to spend the week end here. If you do I hope you will bring Peggy with you. I joined the officers' club last evening, and I am now eating at the new mess where there are many officers wives and a considerable number of small children of assorted sizes. So I now have a place where I can entertain you and Peg should you appear on short notice. Moreover I think I could persuade Mrs. Buxton to take you into her home. I think that the room recently occupied by the lady of the bath is now vacant. So come when you can.

I saw a most beautiful sunset this evening from the club porch. A gray sailing vessel was silhouetted against a patch of livid red in a great gray cloud. And while we paused to gaze at it the gray cloud became flecked with patches of bright red which became more and more numerous until the whole western sky had changed from a cold gray to a burning red, and finally the color died out almost as fast as it had spread, and we went into the dining room to eat to the music of the piano.

I bought a couple of army blankets a day or two ago at 4.50 each, and I am mailing them to you to keep for me and use to keep you warm. Aren't they nice? I have two other blankets and they are probably in the dunnage bag which I left with Victor. They were finally put with the furniture and ought to be accessible on the top of the pile.

Colonel Snow phoned this evening that you were all right, and that he heard that I had gone to the hospital. Perhaps I had, when he tried to reach me over the phone, but it was not as a patient. He says that he and Mr. Embree of the Rockefeller Foundation will come down on Friday night and will arrive Saturday morning.

I did not hear the "spirituals" at Hampton Institute last Sunday, for I found out that the school was quarantined and that no services were being held. Moreover I felt miserable during the afternoon with headache and slight aches in the back. I thought that the grip germ had me and that the next day would see me adding to the statistics of the epidemic and occupying a bed in the Embarkation Hospital. But next day I felt almost as good as new, and I have no excuse at all for loafing. I hope that my few hours of discomfort gave me at least a temporary immunity. I hope that all of you will escape the "flu" entirely.

Dear Margaret, please do something a little different from other days to celebrate our anniversary. I remember so vividly how wonderful you were in the parlor of the Derby St. house at the time of our ceremony. You took up *my* consciousness so completely that I remember little else of that occasion. And you have taken up a great deal of my consciousness ever since, no matter whether we were close together or many miles apart, until I can scarcely think of myself as an entity independent of my better half. I only wish that I could make you happier and be more worthy of you.

Lots and lots of love to you. I am very sorry that long delays in making arrangements for my change of station have made it impossible for us to celebrate our wedding anniversary together in appropriate fashion.

Good Night, my own Sweetheart and lovely Wife, I just adore you and wish I could be with you.

Your Old Goober With the Pink Ears,

Wilbur.